

## How to catch a Billy by User\_name\_330

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**Summary:**

“Billy gasped, dropping the unlit cigarette, while taking in the sight before him.”

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Billy thinks he's saving a captured Steve, but maybe the trap was set for him instead.

## How to catch a Billy

### Author's Note:

Okay, I did it. I got sucked into this damn fandom and now I'm captain of the S.S. Harringove.

First time writing ANYTHING like this, let alone posting it. I'm a bit nervous but I think you little maniacs will enjoy it (I hope so at least, please lie to me if you don't).

I got the idea from a yaoi I read years ago and thought it would be fun.

Please enjoy.

Another Saturday night, another house party. Billy lumbered from room to room. He didn't know who's house it was, didn't really care either. It was all bullshit anyways; these parties, these people. They didn't mean shit to him. He only came because he had a reputation to uphold and a rage to numb. He threw back his third shot, no fifth. Number four was after the keg stand but before shotgunning a beer. Shit, he was wasted. But again, it didn't matter, it was bullshit. And he was tired of it, all the meaningless fucking around. He wanted more, something to burn him from the inside out. That he could put his everything into and maybe even get something back. Something that wasn't...well, bullshit.

"Can you believe Harrington showed up?" Billy's ears perked and turned to the conversation Tommy and some other guys from the basketball team were having. "Fucking loser, can't believe he'd even show his face after skipping practice again yesterday. I hope coach cuts him."

"He's friends with Garrett." Another guy said with a shrug. Billy remember finally that the house belong to Garrett Issacs, a sophomore.

Tommy clicked his tongue while shaking his head. "We should put him in his place again. Remind him who the real king of Hawkins is, right Hargrove?" He turned to Billy, his face screwed up in an ugly smirk.

"Maybe I should put you in your place." Billy snarled, but walked into the next room while pulling on his cigarette instead.

Steve Harrington didn't come to parties anymore, not after Halloween. Not after the incident at the Byers' place. It was never Billy's intention to beat the shit out of him; sure he like pushing him around a bit, but he didn't want to break that pretty face of his. In fact, he thought Steve was the most beautiful person in Hawkins, shit probably in all of Indiana. But he managed to fuck that up just like everything else in his life. Maybe he was the one full of bullshit.

Billy found himself dancing with a freshman girl. He usually didn't go for underclassman, but he had blown through all the hot seniors and juniors, and even some of the less attractive ones as well. He wasn't really paying attention to the girl, when Garrett Issacs approached them. He whispered something to the girl and she darted with a blush. The sophomore had a wide grin on his face as he looked up at Billy. "Hargrove, how the hell are ya?" He asked and Billy grunted in response.

"Hey, I have something for you. Follow me." He snaked through the crowd heading for the stairs, checking behind him to make sure Billy was following.

"What do you want Issacs?" Billy said in a bored drawl. He fished a cigarette from the crumpled pack, flipping it between his lips as he dug for his Zippo in his too-tight jeans.

Garrett leered at him as he stopped in front of a closed door. "I got you a present. You'll love it." Billy was about to speak again when Garrett threw the door open, pulled him inside, and slamming it shut all in one swift motion. Billy gasped, dropping the unlit cigarette, while taking in the sight before him.

Handcuffed to the bed was a naked Steve Harrington. His brown hair was a mess, shoved back to see his flushed skin, sweat shinning on his forehead. His eyes were screwed shut and his brow was drawn tight. A pink blush covered his cheeks and crept down his neck and even onto his chest which rose and fell as he panted and whimpered. His body trembled with his knees pulled close to his chest. Billy could see his erect cock, red and leaking against his stomach. He saw the black toy peeking out of Steve asshole, glistening with lube. There was a faint buzzing barely audible over the brunette's whining.

Garrett stood behind Billy, saying in a hushed voice, "ain't that a fuckin' sight."

Billy rounded on him, fisting his shirt and slamming him into the door. "'The fuck you playin' at, Issacs?" He growled. He may be an asshole to Steve, but this was beyond cruel. It was down right torture.

He had already pulled his fist back, ready to pummel the underclassman, when he heard a shaky voice from the bed.

"B-Billy?" The blonde stilled while a gleeful grin spread across Garrett's face. Billy looked over his shoulder, Steve's hazy eyes staring back at him. He was already aching from the restriction of his tight jeans, but the wanton look on Steve's face made his cock swell even more. "Billy, help mh-me." Steve beg and his whole body shook. Billy released the kid's shirt and stocked cautiously towards the bed. "I'm going to get you out of here, Harrington. Give me the fucking key, Issacs." He snapped.

Before Garrett could respond, Steve shoot his head and plead again. "N-No, Billy. Help me." Steve's legs fell open, as if an invitation. Billy groaned, palming the budge on his jeans without thinking. He wanted to touch Steve, licks trail from his pink, hard nipples all the way down to his dripping cock. He'd devour him, but remembered with a start that Garrett was still standing at the door.

As if sensing he's intrusion, the younger boy pulled open the door. "I'll let you get to it. Make sure to clean up after yourself." The younger boy laughed as he left the room. The door shut with a click leaving the room filled with the obscene buzzing sound and Steve's moaning.

Billy's hands shook as he tried to processes the situation. Steve wanted him. No, Steve wanted help. He doesn't want me, he wants out of this embarrassing situation, he convinced himself. But it was hard being objective when the other boy's aching cock twitch before he, begging to be touched. Steve's pained whimper snapped him back to reality. It was hard to think with all this nose. "Okay, Harrington. Let me take this out first." He said leaning over the bed.

It took all this self-control not to brush Steve's sensitive skin as he drew his hand closer. He clasped the slicked vibrator and gently tugged. Steve arched his back and let out a low groan which Billy matched . This was going to be harder than he though. He pulled again, retracting the vibrator a few inches, but Steve moved with it. Every time he pulled the toy out a bit, Steve would roll his hips, sucking it back in. He yanked on the handcuffs, trying to get more leverage as he fucked himself on the vibrator. "Shit, Steve." Billy hissed at the filthy sight in front of him.

"Pah-Please, Billy." Steve moaned. His eyes were pleading, with unshed tears along the brim.

Billy lost his composure. Leaning forward, he planted open mouth

kisses along Steve's neck. "Tell me, baby." He nibbled the brunette's collarbone. "Tell me what you want."

"I-I want...I want you. Please!" Steve gasped as Billy yanked the toy from his body. The blonde crawled between his legs, releasing the button of his jeans and granting his swollen cock some relief. He grabbed the condom conveniently left on the night stand. He stroked himself while watching Steve's hole wink in anticipation. Steve's eyes were wide and watched Billy's action with open hunger. "Ye-yes, Billy...T-take me!"

Billy quickly rolled the condom on and pushed against Steve's hole. He hissed as he entered him, burying himself in his wet heat. Steve cried out and pulled against the handcuffs. If his hands were free he'd have wrapped them around Billy's neck, rake his finger against his scalp, tug his hair down into a kiss. But instead he threw his head back with a desperate moan, taking every thrust Billy pushed into him.

Billy grabbed Steve roughly by the ass and hoisted him off the mattress. He thrust up into Steve as he dipped his head to the brunette's chest. He lapped against the other boy's hard, pink nipple, swirling his tongue around it before sucking deeply. He grinned with satisfaction when he pulled back and saw how red and slick with his spit it was.

Steve was a blubbering mess. Tears ran down his cheeks as he begged, "BillyBillyBilly!" He wouldn't last much longer.

Billy wrapped a hand around the brunette's leaking cock. "C'mon, baby, cum for me." He purred lowly against Steve's skin. He pumped Steve's cock in his fist rapidly, drawing him closer to his orgasm.

"Kiss me." The other boy demand and Billy obliged. He captured Steve's lips with his as he felt him tense beneath him. His tongue slipped into the brunette's mouth. He could almost taste Steve's moan as he came in Billy's fist, spilling onto his own stomach.

Billy kept kissing Steve and thrusting into him even when his body went limp beneath him. Both actions became sloppy, the boys gasped into each other's mouths as Billy came with a grunt.

Billy rolled his hips a few more times before finally pulling out of Steve. He tied off the condom and threw it across the room, not caring where it landed. Steve was still limp against the bed, but his chest rose and fell as his breathing returned to normal, and his face was completely blissed out. Billy felt his dick twitch at the look, happy to know he put it there and eager to do it again.

A soft knock at the door drew his attention away. He tucked himself back into his jeans and step in front of the bed, trying to block the view of Steve. He was the only one who got to see him like this. Garrett Issacs' head poked into view, he grinned wickedly when he looked between Billy and the bed. "So," He said stepping into the room, making sure the door closed behind him. "How was it?" He leered tossing a towel toward the bed.

Billy reached for it but a hand shot past him and snagged the towel out of the air. He spun around in surprise to find Steve free of his restraints dabbing the sweat and cum from his body. On closer inspection, the handcuffs were the fake kind for magic tricks, the kind that were easy to escape. "What the fuck? You tricked me?" He could feel his blood start to boil and fists clench. Was this some kind of fucked up joke? Did Harrington figure out Billy's crush and he and Issacs' planned this elaborate prank? Billy would have started swinging, but the coy smile on Steve's face made him sway.

Steve looped his arms around Billy's neck and press into his space. "Yes, and I'm sorry. But I wanted your attention. Can you blame me?" He forced a fake pout.

Billy was dumbfounded but smirked when he replayed. "And you thought this was the best way to get it?" He licked his bottom lip and Steve's eyes followed the movement.

Steve leaned forward and licked Billy's lip as well. He shrugged, "it was fun though, right?" Billy could only nod before Steve's lips were on his again. He pushed him back until the blonde was laying down on the bed with the brunette straddling him. Billy could feel Steve's cock hard against his thigh. Steve broke the kiss first, "good, 'cause I'm going to ride you until all you can think about is me." Billy groaned as Steve ground down onto him.

Thing started getting hot and heavy again when Garrett cleared his throat behind them. "I'll see myself out. Remember Harrington, extra hour, extra pay."

Steve sat up and snapped over his shoulder, "You'll get your money. You just remember to keep your mouth shut." He turned his attention back to Billy. "Now, where were we..."